

2
A N

EXTRAORDINARY

O D E

TO AN

EXTRAORDINARY MAN,

ON AN

EXTRAORDINARY OCCASION.

*Forfaken of all Good; I see thy Fall
Determin'd.*

MILTON'S *Paradise Lost*, Book V.

L O N D O N:

Printed for W. COOKE, in *Queen-Street*, *May-Fair*, and
T. JONES, in *Fetter-Lane*, near *Fleet-Street*.

MDCCLXVI.

(PRICE SIXPENCE.)

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EXTRAORDINARY

O D E

TO AN

EXTRAORDINARY MAN



EXTRAORDINARY OCCASION

For sale of all Goods, &c. for the Poor
Determined

Milton's Paradise Lost, Book V.

J. O. W. D. O. W.

Printed for W. Cooke, in Great-Britain, May-Pole, and
J. Jones, in Fetter-Lane, near St. Dunstons.

MDCCLXXVI

(PRICE SIXPENCE)



A N
 E X T R A O R D I N A R Y
 O D E

T O A N
 Extraordinary MAN, &c.

I.

THE Country Girl that's well inclin'd
 To Love when the young 'Squire grows kind,
 Doubts between Joy and Ruin;
 Now will, and now will not, comply,
 To Raptures now her Pulse beats high,
 And now she fears undoing.

II.

But when the Lover with his Pray'rs,
 His Oaths, his Sighs, his Vows and Tears,
 Holds out the proffer'd Treasure,
 She quite forgets her Fear and Shame,
 And quits her Virtue and good Name,
 For Profit mix'd with Pleasure.

III.

Profit and Pleasure soon are gone,
 Despis'd, neglected, left alone,
 To innate Grief a Prey;
 Hid in some solitary Shade,
 She damns the Hour she was betray'd,
 And pines herself away.

IV.

So P^{it}-T, for many Years, the Boast
 Of ENGLAND was, and him to toast,
 Next Church and King, seem'd fit,
 Each blooming Maid and hoary Dame,
 Nay ev'ry Mouth wou'd trump the Fame,
 Of much-lov'd Patriot P^{it}-T.

V.

Admiring Senates round him hung,
 And Liberty seem'd from his Tongue,
 T'expand with his loud Voice,
 BRITANNIA's Sons exulting hail'd
 Him, and whate'er he chose ne'er fail'd,
 Still to approve that Choice.

VI.

But late this virtuous Chief, who long,
 By Speech, by Pamphlet, and in Song,
 Held Patriotism's Steerage,
 By Gold o'ercome, the pension'd Train
 He join'd, and, couching to the THANE,
 Now gets himself a Peerage.

VII.

Whereby thou'ft loft, for ever loft,
 Ah, poor BRITANNIA ! to thy Coft,
 Thy Hope in him to find ;
 But ah, fond Wifh ! t'expect a Friend
 In him who could fo low defcend,
 Who thy worft Foe has join'd.

VIII.

Yet, dear BRITANNIA, yet forbear
 On him to caft one fingle Care,
 He is not worth one Thought ;
 He that well knew the buying Tribe,
 Proves that he knew the valu'd Bribe,
 And wherefore he was bought.

IX.

And thou, new P--r, obey thy Summons,
 And leave the noify H--- of C-----s,
 Among the L---s to nod,
 Where if thou'rt tamer than of old,
 Thy Hand perhaps a Stick may hold,
 But never more a Rod.

X.

Unheard of, may you flumber there,
 As innocent as any P---,
 As prompt for any Jobb ;
 For now you're popular no more,
 You've loft the Power you had before,
 And your beft Friend the Mobb.

XI.

Or if, disgusted, you retreat
 T'enjoy the Sweets of P--NS--T's Se
 And view the large Estate
 He fondly left ye, thinking you
 The honestest amid the few,
 Honest among the Great.

XII.

There with your P-----n safe retire,
 Gaze o'er the Moors, or by the Fire,
 Revolve Affairs of State ;
 Think over all you've done or said,
 And curse the Hour you were made,
 With Ignominy great.

XIII.

With Vapours there and Spleen o'ercast,
 Reflect on all your Actions past,
 With Sorrow and Contrition ;
 And there enjoy the Thoughts that rise
 From disappointed Avarice,
 From frustrated Ambition.

XIV.

For know, my L---d, your Reign is o'er,
 The Whigs will trust your Word no more,
 Nor Tories longer fear ye ;
 No Followers as heretofore,
 Or Train of Coaches, crowd your Door,
 Nay scarce a Soul come near ye.

XV.

No more if to a Lord-Mayor's Show
 (By Form invited) should you go,
 The Populace will hollo'
 Unless as L---s are wont to do,
 You hire a ragged venal Crew,
 Your Chariot Wheels to follow.

XVI.

And soon you'll loudly but in vain,
 Of your deserting Friends complain,
 That visit you no more :
 But, in this Country, 'tis a Truth,
 As known as that Love follows Youth,
 " That Friendship follows Pow'r."

XVII.

Here then, O P--T ! thy Empire ends,
 And BRITAIN'S Genius, with her Friends,
 Will better Days restore,
 For ENOCH'S Fate and thine are one
 Like him translated, thou art gone,
 Ne'er to be heard of more.

F I N I S.

No more it is a Lord Mayor's show
 (By Town invited) should you go,
 The Populace will holla,
 Unless as I--s are wont to do,
 You hire a ragged team of four,
 Your Chamber Wheels to follow.

And soon you'll loudly be in vain,
 Of your delecting Friends complain,
 That with you no more
 But in the County, is a Town,
 As known as the Town follows you.

As known as the Town follows you.

Let them, O P--t, be ends,
 And Britain's Gains be ends,
 Will better be ends,
 For Lincoln's Town and mine are one,
 Like him we'll stand, then are gone,
 Let us be heard of more.

